Ulmorum Acherons;

OR THE

HISTORY

OF

William Pen's

CONVERSION

FROM A

GENTLEMAN

TO A

QUAKER.

OR

A Stop to the Call of the Unconverted.

To the poor, trapan'd, ſimple deluded People in *Penſylvania*: Dated the 15*th*. day of the Month *Abib*, in the firſt *Hegira* or flight of the Prophet *Pen* to his *Sylvania*.

Flectere ſi neqeant inferos, ſuper-ſuperna movebant.

He that durſt not charge the Devil,
Miſtook his Heaven, to avoid the evil.

London, Printed for *Tho. Lee.* 1682.

Ulmorum Acherons;

OR THE

HISTORY

OF

William Fens

CONVERSION

FROM A

GENTLEMAN

TO A

QUAKER.

OR

A Stop to the Call of the Unconverted.

To the poor, trapan'd, simple deluded People in *Pensylvania*: Dated the 15th. day of the Month *Shil*, in the first *Hegira* or flight of the Prophet *Pen* to his *Sylvania*.

Ut Fore si nequeat infernus, super-superna mutebunt.

He that durst nor charge the Devil.
Mistook his Heaven, to avoid the evil.

London, Printed for *Tho. Lee*. 1682.

QUAKERISM

THE

Cowards *ASYLUM*:

OR,

A ſhort Account (being a true Story) of Mr. Pen's *Converſion, from a Graceleſs Babe to a Babe of Grace; when he loſt his Love and Honour, and moſt fearfully turned Quaker in* Ireland.

MR. *William Pen*, ſometime before he turned Quaker, lodged at Mr. *Champney*'s Houſe in *Copper alley* in *Dublin*, where I have eaten and drank with him often: He was then eſteemed by all that knew him, to be a very pretty young Gentleman, a courteous pleaſant Companion, and a Perſon ſo far from Fanaticiſm (as by his Manners, Habit, and Converſation one might eaſily judge) that the News of his being perverted in his Religion, was almoſt incredible to his Acquantance; till at length, it was moſt notoriouſly known, he became a Quaker after this manner.

Invincible Love! (the univerſal Conqueror of all heedleſs Mortals, (woe's me) too hard for Grace in

young Men) order'd this ſalacious Spark to make his Court to a delicate young Lady then in *Dublin*; unfortunate to them both, for that ſhe had a Husband, but ſince it could be no better, its well 'twas no worſe, for he (poor man) was no ſtrict Obſerver of his Wifes actions, one that loved the River *Rhine* too well, to leave lapping there and watch his own Water-Pot. 'Tis eaſie, you know, to be acquainted with a Man ſo inclin'd; and Mr. *Pen* had Wit enough to find him out betimes, and cunning enough to cajole him into a friendſhip: So that Mr. *Pen* now thought himſelf a happy Man, no doubt on't, being in favour with, and having free acceſs to the admirable Object of his moſt paſſionate deſires. But ah Fading Joyes! *latet anguis in herbâ.* There was a formidable Gentleman (it ſeems) that Mr *Pen* as yet knew not to be his Rival; One that claimed a Right (by the Laws of Knight *Arrantry*) to this Lady; and had no doubt on't, (amongſt thoſe that make aſſignations and contracts convertible terms) right enough, at leaſt as much as ſpending his monies generoſly to enjoy her Converſation, and her acceptance of his Treatments could entitle him to.

Alas for poor Mr. *Pen*! This Gentleman is now come up to the Town,

Hungry as Dragons, and as fierce for prey
As they, on *Sabrine*, or *Andromeda*.

And in a ſhort time, finds his poor unwary Miſtreſs, not carefully expecting the event of her Champions performances, for (a lack and well a day) he came far ſhort of St. *George* or *Perſeus*, as you will hear by the Sequel; but brisk, and gay, and debonair at a Ball, in the hands of her new Amour, whom, 'tis thought ſhe

now

now loved beſt; for tho he had not the Eſtate of her former Servant, yet he had enough of *Ceres* and *Bacchus* to keep *Venus* from freezing; and ſhe (I dare ſay) thought herſelf luxuriouſly compenſated by his youth, for Experience tells us, that a Man of twenty years ſtanding ſhall go further in thoſe matters with 200 *l.* than a man of fifty with 2000 *l.*

But Oh! The ſad ſurprize there was, when an unlucky turn in the Dance brought them to the horrible ſight of this forſaken Lover. It would keep you too long from what you deſire to know, ſhould I deſcribe the ſeveral perſons concern'd at this interveiw, and needleſs beſides, for you may ſee ſuch Characters in all Romances. But in ſhort, Mr. *Pen* had rather have ſeen *George Fox*, or the Devil I'le warant ye: And I cannot forbear to ſay of the poor aſtoniſhed Lady, as the Poet ſays of one almoſt in the ſame Circumſtances.

Ipſa, dejectos gerit vultus pudore,
Sed tamen fulgent genæ,
Magiſque ſolito, ſplendit extremus decor,
Ut eſſe Phœbi. dulcius lumen ſolet,
Jam jam cadentis, Aſtra cum repetunt vices,
Premiturque dubius, nocte vicinâ dies.

With modeſt ſhame ſhe bears her caſt-down head,
But yet her eyes do glorioufly ſhine,
And her laſt glymps (more than was wont) is red
As *Phœbus* viſiting the weſtern Clime.
When Stars do take their turns to ſhew us Light,
And doubtful Day's thruſt out by neighbouring Night.

As for the old Souldier, he like himſelf, who in

good earneſt is a Man of honour, ſeiſes upon the young Lady, as gentelly as his preſent diſturbances would give him leave, ruſhes in betwen and parted their hands; that ſide of his Countenance towards her, he cloathed with as much ſweetneſs as the frowns of his half face next Mr. *Pen* would admit him; and marching her a little off from the Company, told her in plain terms, I cannot tell ye what, for hang me if ever *I* had occaſion to talk upon ſuch a Subject; after a ſmall time he returned very reſolutely to Mr. *Pen*, and but that he conſidered his youth and in Juſtice could not blame him for fixing upon ſo amiable a Creature, with whom himſelf had been ſo captivated, he had certainly done as ſuch folks uſe to do in ſuch matters; but theſe thoughts turned all his rage into an admonition only; ſo addreſſing himſelf to Mr. *Pen*, tells him he did not know him, but his meen and habit ſpoke him a fine Gentleman, and if it was his deſire he ſhould have ſuch thonghts of him ſtill, he muſt for ever quit the converſation of that curious Creature (pointing to her) or expect the neceſſary conſequence of his refuſal.

For like *Alexander* he would reign,
And he would reign alone. *&c.*

All this while poor Mr. *Pen* under diſcipline, ſculkt as ſneakingly as a Lark under the Tyrany of a Hobby, or ſure *Clyneas* and *Dametas* in *Arcadia*, were nen of reſolution to him. This you may imagin was the critical Minute when he firſt lookt like a Quaker. But that face was ſoon unmasked, by a generous concluſion of this nobler Adviſer, who ended his ſpeech with more courteſie than Mr. *Pen* could reaſonably have expected from him; which made the Peccant very coura-

gi-

giouſly promiſe never more to come near her, nor ſays he, would I ever, had *I* known that a Perſon of your worth and honour had been ſo much concerned for her. Thus they parted very good Friends, and all was well for the preſent: But when the returns of deſire had vanquiſhed his panick fears, (for as yet the Light within him ſhon not bright enough to ſecure him in thoſe dark paths his natural propenſity prompted him to tread in,) by ſome means or other (Love will find out the way) he without regard to his word, having fearfully promiſed never to ſee her more, had gotten once again to her privately, where an aſſignation was concluded for them to meet at a ſecure diſtance from *Dublin*, if *I* miſtake not, at *Cork*; where they had not many days enjoyed themſelves before the news of their being there came up to *Dublin*, and preſently after to the Gentlemans ear you wot on: He impatient of delay poſts thither, and finding things true (to his admiration) as they had been related to him, a ſecond time ſurprized them in their jollity, to their eternal amazements, for the injur'd Gentleman was now inexorable and fully reſolved to rout them. 'Tis no part of my buſineſs to ſay any more of the fair Lady: But the brave *Cavileero* charged this irregular Lover into a perpetual Nonconformity, told him he was a falſe unworthy Raſcal, and to be ſhort, challenged the Field on him, to give the ſatisfaction (as they call it) of a Gentleman, which Mr *Pen* ſeem'd ready to accept, that he might get off the better *I* ſuppoſe, for the morrow after was the day appointed, and ſo they bluſtly parted. And now you may imagine that this wretched Embryo of a Quaker, was more divided between Love and Honour perhaps,

than

than ever the Bravado in the farſe, introduced purpoſely to ſham a One-way'd Drammatick. For

Whenſoever Honour bid him go,
Still whining Love cry'd no.

At length Mr. *Pen* takes the ſecureſt way, and marcht quite off, having never ſeen his Antagoniſt ſince; yet wiſely conſidering there was no ſafety for him any where in the capacity of a Gentleman; he immediately turned Quaker, and was frequently (in *Ireland*) ſtyl'd his Quaker, from whom he thus ſhamefully run away, and left his Love and Honour behind him. But in compenſation for that one Love with danger, he now enjoys a hundred without, and knows by experience, that it is far leſs ſcandalous, more frugal, and a ſafer way of whoreing at a Conventicle than in any Bawdy-houſe beſides.

And ſo much for Mr. *Pen*:
'Tis now plain *William*.

For

Scar'd by *Leander*, he hath left ith' lurch
Fair *Hero*, and ſecur'd himſelf ith' Church:
Through Fleſh to Spirit, Fear, thus *William* led
From heartleſs *Pen*, to be the Quakers head.

FINIS.